GRIM

Written by

Kevin Finkbeiner

SECOND DRAFT June 17, 2014 Kevin F.
Newport Beach, CA
kev34737@gmail.com

Copyright (c) 2014
This screenplay may not be used or reproduced without the expressed written permission of the author.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

JASON BONHAM, a kid in his mid-twenties, is sitting at the table in his kitchen, with breakfast out in front of him. He is checking updates on his smartphone, completely detached from everything else going on outside his field of vision.

Suddenly, a shadow lurks behind him. A black figure comes up behind him, as smoke clouds his figure. The figure laughs and raises a gleaming scythe in the air. It's the Grim Reaper! Has he come to take Jason's soul?

The Reaper lets out a loud, evil laugh.

GRIM REAPER

Now, Jason Bonham, your soul shall be mine for all eternity!
Muahahahahaaaaa!

Jason could care less. He doesn't even look up from his phone to acknowledge that the Reaper's there. He replies in a deadpan voice.

JASON

Yo, Reaps! You're still behind on your rent, bro! Where is it?

The Grim Reaper drops the scary charades.

GRIM REAPER

Uh, yeah, about that - I'm still working to catch up on my payments, and, y'know, harvesting souls just doesn't pay much anymore these days...

JASON

Uh-huh, that's what you said when I let you move in. Three years ago.

GRIM REAPER

But trust me, Jason, you'll have that money as soon as possible.

JASON

Yeah. Just get it soon, or you're out, you got me?

The Reaper exits the room.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The Reaper stands outside the front door of a suburban household. He has the scythe in one hand and a list in the other.

GRIM REAPER

Hmm, looks like the place...

He knocks on the door. BENJAMIN MADDIN, a business man in his forties, comes to the door. He's in the middle of putting his suit on. He's a little bit shocked about the entity on his doorstep.

BEN

What the...?

GRIM REAPER

Hi. Are you, uh, Ben Maddin?

Ben doesn't like the appearance of this hooded figure.

BEN

I don't support the Klan, you racist bigot!

GRIM REAPER

The Klan? What? No, I'm not one of them. I'm the Grim Reaper. We have an appointment together.

BEN

Appointment? I don't remember making any appointment with you. Shirley, my secretary, schedules all my appointments.

GRIM REAPER

No, no, this is a *divine* appointment. Shirley doesn't schedule it, **I** do.

BEN

I'm sorry, I never set an appointment with you, and as you can see, I've got a more important function to attend to.

GRIM REAPER

You can't just put this off! This is unavoidable. I get your soul, I don't care if you got a thousand functions to attend to today!

CONTINUED: 3.

BEN

Very funny, pal, now get off my porch.

The door shuts in his face. The Reaper sighs.

GRIM REAPER

Okay, fine! I'll just wait 'till you come back out...not a problem, got all day...

The Reaper looks down at his watch on his bony wrist.

GRIM REAPER

Twenty minutes; if you come out within twenty minutes or so, that'd be great...

EXT KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

The Reaper arrives at a karaoke bar in the area. He walks in and the bar patrons look at him. Silence.

Somewhat intimidated, the Reaper clears his throat and heads to the bar counter. Everyone looks away and continues to drink, as if nothing transpired.

The Reaper looks to his left and sees a man drinking alone. VICTOR BRADDOCK is a thirty-year old former factory worker, drinking away his pain, pink slip in hand. Bingo, here's the Reaper's chance!

The Reaper inconspicuously slips his way over to Victor and takes an empty seat next to him.

GRIM REAPER

Victor Braddock, am I right?

Victor doesn't respond. This is slowly getting awkward. Reaper notices the pink slip.

GRIM REAPER

You...you lose your job? Geez, that sucks, man. Uh, sorry about that.

Victor turns towards him, his face stained and crusted with mucus and beer. Reaper's uncomfortable here.

GRIM REAPER

Look, I know this is a really bad time to mention this, having lost your job and all, but...I'm sorta (MORE) CONTINUED: 4.

GRIM REAPER (cont'd) required to...you're going to die of alcohol poisoning, and I'm here to take your soul with me when that happens, so...yeah.

Victor stares in silence. Then, he takes the shot he holds in his hand and slides it towards the Reaper.

GRIM REAPER

Oh, geez, I don't know. I promised I wouldn't drink after Halloween of '95.

Victor pushes the shot closer.

GRIM REAPER

Well, why not?

He picks up the glass and downs the drink. His bones shake and quiver.

GRIM REAPER

Wow, that packs quite a punch! If I still had a stomach, I'm sure I'd feel that one.

Without a word, Victor takes the bottle next to him and pours the Reaper another shot.

GRIM REAPER

Really, you're too kind, but I need to get back to...ah, what the hell?

Down it goes.

MONTAGE: GRIM DRINKING AND PARTYING

The few shots that follow show the Reaper getting progressively more hammered as the liquor comes. Him and Victor become the best of drinking buddies.

GRIM REAPER

You know who Faust is? Really nice guy, really. It's a shame he sold his soul to the man down there. And for what? *Knowledge*. At least Jimmy Page did it for something worthwhile; think of it: no deal, no *Stairway to Heaven*...

CONTINUED: 5.

GRIM REAPER

...I remember back when Dante came down to hang, visited all the levels of Hell. The guy had balls, but despite what your scholarly types say, dude was a total hack, man. I mean, what else is he known for?

Reaper and Victor are soon up on the stage, singing drunken karaoke as best they can without slurring the words. The crowd goes nuts for it.

END MONTAGE

We find ourselves back at the bar counter. Grim, still woozy, is surrounded by Victor and other bar patrons.

BAR GUY #1

Well, go on! Tell us sumthin' else!

GRIM REAPER

You guys wanna know a secret?

VICTOR

C'mon, boy, spill it!

GRIM REAPER

Okay, this one will blow your frickin' minds.

The patrons lean in.

GRIM REAPER

Tupac and Elvis are still alive!

VICTOR

No way!

BAR GUY #1

I'm callin' BS! Where are they?

GRIM REAPER

Nah, I swear to God, it's true. They live in some little huts in a hidden island in the Pacific. Jim Morrison's there, too.

BAR GUY #1

Man, you need to quit the shots tonight.

CONTINUED: 6.

GRIM REAPER

Nah, screw that!

(to the BARTENDER)

Reaper shots for everyone! Wooo!

No one seems to argue with that proposition.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Victor and Grim both stumble out of the bar, carrying each other's weight. They flag down a cab while drunkenly singing and chattering.

GRIM REAPER

Hey, brooo...you know sumthin'...I was gonna...totally gonna take your soul, but...naaahh, nahhh, you're cool, bro, you're cool...I love ya, man! God, I'm so trashed!

Grim passes out on the street as Victor uproariously laughs.

INT. HOUSE - GRIM'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Grim wakes up on his trashy bed, surrounded by beer cans.

GRIM REAPER

Oh, shit...

He leaps for the bathroom and begins to puke.

GRIM REAPER

Ah, I got barf on my cloak!

He hurls some more.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Jason is now sitting in front of the television. The Reaper comes in from another room in the house.

GRIM REAPER

I swear on my scythe, I'm never drinking again. God, what a migrane.

Jason doesn't respond.

CONTINUED: 7.

GRIM REAPER

So hey, I've got some good news and I've got some bad news. I'll just start off with the bad, so things sound better when I share the good.

Jason turns to look at Reaper with a glaring look in his eye.

GRIM REAPER

Okay, one: I'll still be a little behind on the rent, and two...you might want to consider remodeling the bathroom.

Silence.

GRIM REAPER

On the other hand, the good news is I already have the first installment of the rent payment.

Reaper reaches into his cloak and pulls out a wallet. He tosses it to Jason, who catches it and looks through it. It turns out to be Victor's.

GRIM REAPER

I know I got it through some...questionable means, but it's not like he had that much, anyway.

There's only a couple dollars in the wallet. Jason looks at it with an "is this a joke?" look.

GRIM REAPER

And, just for good measure, I'll guarantee not to take your soul on your twenty-seventh birthday, like I've been scheduled to do. So, are we good here?

Jason says nothing, but continues to glare at the Reaper.

EXT. HOUSE

SLAM! The Reaper is outside, his things packed. He's officially been thrown out.

GRIM REAPER

Oh, fine, I see how it is! Your ass is mine come September! Let's see if you get to eat that birthday cake now, punk!

CONTINUED: 8.

The Reaper grabs all his belongings.

The Grim Reaper makes his way down the sidewalk, out of a job and out of luck.